

PAGE(S) MISSING

Democratic Ticket.
For State Senate.
E. W. Grant.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Five dollars cash for announcements under this head, except in case of Commissioners, which announcements are made for three dollars, cash.

FOR STATE SENATE.

We are authorized to announce JAMES M. SHUBB as a candidate for State Senator for the 1st Senatorial District, composed of the counties of Calhoun and Cleburne.

FOR REPRESENTATIVE.

We are authorized to announce DUDLEY WILLIAMS as a candidate for Representative of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce J. D. HAMMOND as a candidate for Representative of Calhoun County in the General Assembly.

We are authorized to announce J. G. HURSON as a candidate for Representative of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce Edmund Cobb as a candidate for Representative—Independent of any party.

FOR CIRCUIT JUDGE.

To the people of Calhoun County: I take this method of announcing to the people that I shall be a candidate at the next election for Probate Judge in this county. I do not enter into this election as the representative of any political party, Democratic or Republican, but stand upon the platform of independence, and in asking for the suffrages of the people, pledge myself that if elected, I will faithfully, honestly and zealously discharge the duties incumbent upon me in my official capacity.

FOR PROBATE JUDGE.

To the people of Calhoun County: I take this method of announcing to the people that I shall be a candidate at the next election for Probate Judge in this county. I do not enter into this election as the representative of any political party, Democratic or Republican, but stand upon the platform of independence, and in asking for the suffrages of the people, pledge myself that if elected, I will faithfully, honestly and zealously discharge the duties incumbent upon me in my official capacity.

FOR SHERIFF.

We are authorized to announce A. O. STEWART as a candidate for Sheriff of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce W. H. HENDRICK as a candidate for Probate Judge of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce A. W. HODGE as a candidate for Judge of Probate of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce J. J. BORDEN as a candidate for Probate Judge of Calhoun County.

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FOR TAX COLLECTOR.

We are authorized to announce D. Z. GOODLETT as a candidate for Tax Collector of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce J. M. WEISTER as a candidate for Tax Collector of Calhoun County.

FOR TAX ASSESSOR.

We are authorized to announce A. L. LEBETTER as a candidate for Tax Assessor of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce JOHN L. HENDRICK as a candidate for Tax Assessor of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce LON FERGUSON as a candidate for Tax Assessor of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce M. G. HANNA as a candidate for Tax Assessor of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce ROBT. HANSON as a candidate for Tax Assessor of Calhoun County.

FOR CIRCUIT CLERK.

We are authorized to announce P. D. ROSS as a candidate for Circuit Clerk of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce DEPARTAN ALLEN as a candidate for Circuit Clerk of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce J. A. JONES as a candidate for Circuit Clerk of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce H. E. VERNON as a candidate for Circuit Clerk of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce R. C. JOHNSON, of White Plains, Ga., to announce his name as a candidate for Circuit Clerk of Calhoun County.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER.

We are authorized to announce I. L. SWAN as a candidate for Treasurer of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce J. J. SKELTON as a candidate for Treasurer of Calhoun County.

FOR COMMISSIONER.

We are authorized to announce J. A. DICKINSON as a candidate for Commissioner of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce W. H. HENDRICK as a candidate for Commissioner of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce R. C. JOHNSON, of White Plains, Ga., to announce his name as a candidate for Commissioner of Calhoun County.

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Some Tall Talk From an Independent Paper.

The Huntsville Advocate, formerly a Radical paper, but now the mouth-piece of the distinguished odds and ends of all parties in opposition to the Democratic party of Alabama, thus crowning alludes to a call published in that paper for a State Conference (the Independents call their Conventions Conferences) to be held in Montgomery June 24. Britain is supposed to be in the secrets of his hotch-potch party, and assures us we are to have an opposition State ticket and a defeat over the left. Read:

"Those over-sanguine Bourbons who have expressed a belief that they will have a walk over in August for State office—the wish being father to the thought—will do well to read the call for a State Conference published in this issue. As we have deserted time and again, the Independent, Greenback, and cautious, patriotic people of the State are determined to put out a State ticket, composed of unexceptionable men whose names will inspire confidence in the hearts of the masses from the Tennessee line to the Gulf, and they will do manfully to work and elect it by an overwhelming majority at the polls in August."

We trust that those honest and well meaning Democrats of Calhoun, who have suffered their prejudices against local conventions to lead them into an alliance with Independent candidates just because they are Independent candidates, will see the tendency of the movement before it works a disruption of their old party—the Democratic party—in the State and reminds the people of Alabama to that horrible position from which a Democratic Legislature, redeemed them in 1874. The Greenbackers of Montgomery county seeing the tendency of the movement, have withdrawn from it, and are now in full alignment with the Democratic party of that county, and the very issue of the Advocate from which we clip the above contains an article beseeching them to retract and return to that party of Democrats. The leading Greenbackers of Calhoun will have nothing to do with such a movement we are assured. Will the Independent Democrats of Calhoun prove themselves less patriotic. We believe not. In the main we believe them to be patriotic men, sincerely desirous of their country's good, and who, when they see they are giving aid and encouragement to the enemies of the Democratic party by contributing to the success of Independent candidates either for the Legislature or State offices, will turn about and resume their relations to the party as our patriotic Greenback friends have done. There is no doubt but that the Radical party will give its support to the ticket hatched by the so-called Conferences at Montgomery. Independent county tickets will be calculated upon to give encouragement and aid. When the State ticket of this Conference appears, it will bear the names of all Independent local candidates, as the Radical State tickets have heretofore done. It will be a party-spirit concern between the leaders of the various elements, and the rank and file will be kept in ignorance of it. It will not succeed, but may come so near as to give the State to Grant in November. Should it by any strange infatuation of the people succeed in August it will certainly give the State to Grant in November and result in a Legislature that will elect a United States Senator outside of the Democratic party next winter, as has already happened in Virginia. The loss of Alabama in November means Grant's election, and Grant's election means freedom to liberty and a loss of the ballot to us all—Independents, Democrats, colored men and what not. All great revolutions in Governments are wrought by insidious approaches. They begin in little. In this case it will be the unreasoning disaffection of Democrats with Conventions that will work the evil in Alabama. It is utterly folly to claim that we can fight this fight against the approval of Imperialism—the employment of the masses—without thorough organization. As well talk about fighting a war without companies, regiments, divisions, corps and armies. Organization is essential to success. The very party that contemplates the overthrow of the Democratic party in Alabama will organize for it by this very Conference spoken of above. That party will try to divide the Democratic party and disorganize it by fomenting dissatisfaction with Conventions of the Democratic party, and then uniting on a ticket secretly agreed upon. Which is the preferable mode for free men and patriots to adopt—the open day Convention system of the Democracy of the county, which challenges investigation at every step and invites opponents to point to an act of treachery or fraud, or the stealthy modes of the opposition which holds a Convention and calls it a Conference to deceive the unwary, and then makes secret alliance with the Radical party to effect its ends? If secret alliance is not made with the Radical party, why do the Radicals always support Independent candidates against nominees of the Democratic party? Don't they always do it? With the exception of some of the more intelligent colored men of the party who are beginning to see that they are not benefited, that they get no office by such alliance, they always do. We admit that the Independent candidates go following over the country that they are the very best Democrats made, that they are the sinned-in-the-wool kind; but it always happens they turn up with the Radical party at their backs on election day. Why is this? If it is not an acknowledged Radical that their candidacy is benefitting the Radical party? That is what it really is, and that is what the honest, well-meaning Independent Democrats of this county will see it means before long. Four years ago an Independent candidate stood no show in Alabama. Two years ago one Congressional

District elected an Independent Democrat who voted with our party about as often as another. Now the boast is that the movement will overthrow the Democratic State ticket, and when that is done the mask will be thrown off and the people will see to what lengths they have been led by this strange prejudice against nominations—against party organization. Now we do not want to be understood as charging the masses of Independent voters with being Radicals. We have been charged with that in the past. It is not true. We have never believed them to be even in sympathy with the Radical party, but we believe they have been misled by Independent leaders who have had a thorough understanding with the leaders of the Radical party, and who, to gain a pitiful little office would to-day jeopardize the interests of the people in the most fearfully important election this country will ever witness—an election in which the very liberties of the people are involved—in election which means on the one hand an hereditary aristocracy with all the degradation to the masses that that implies, or an independent people, free prosperous and happy.

Organization means victory for the Democratic party in the State and Federal elections in this eventful year of 1880. Disorganization means, sure defeat and utter ruin. Let patriotic Democrats determine to fight with the organization Democracy this year. In this course is safety. Any other course is fraught with peril to their highest and holiest interests.

Our Party Nominee.

In the absence of the editor, the local editor takes occasion to clip and reproduce the following kind mention of his handicraft from some of the papers of the State.

"The Huntsville Independent, edited by Mr. Coleman, who was in the Senate while Mr. Grant served in the House, says:

"L. W. Grant, a most excellent man, has been nominated by acclamation, for Senator for Calhoun and Cleburne."

The Talladega Mountain Home, edited by Mr. Ware, one of the ablest, as well as most independent Journalists of the State, says:

"L. W. Grant, editor of the Jacksonville Republican, has been nominated for State Senator from the Calhoun and Cleburne District. He is the man, the Democratic in this county should combine on and elect. He is a genuine Democrat, and always advocates questions of government on the side of the people."

The Haynesville (Lowndes county) Examiner, edited by Col. Brewer, our present faithful Auditor of State, says:

"At the Senatorial convention held in this District, May 22, Hon. L. W. Grant, of Jacksonville, Calhoun Co., received the nomination by acclamation. We hope he may be triumphantly elected, for he was an untiring and zealous friend of the 'Black Belt' when he was in the House in 1874-75, and he is fully informed as to the general affairs of the State."

A correspondent of the Montgomery Advertiser of the 30th of May, thus speaks of him:

"Editor Advertiser:—Thousands of people in Montgomery and adjacent counties will observe with delight that the Democrats of this District have nominated Hon. L. W. Grant for the State Senate. During the dark days when Montgomery was represented in the Legislature, Mr. Grant was a member of the House from Calhoun, and made it his especial duty and pleasure to guard our interests and promote our welfare. How well he did this, the legislation of the years 1874-75 most forcibly proclaims. His friends in Montgomery and other counties of the 'Black Belt' will ever hold him in grateful remembrance, and heartily applaud his promotion to the Senate."

The following from a Calhoun correspondent of the Clarion further disputes the claim that has been set up by interested parties that Cleburne will cast a majority against him. Cleburne is safe for him by a large majority."

"Dear Clarion:—The news has just reached this part of Cleburne, that the nomination by the convention of the District, the Hon. L. W. Grant for State Senator. The action of the convention, I am sure that I now hear and have heard heretofore, will be ratified by the voters of this county on the 1st Monday in August next by a large majority. It is admitted that our nominee is 'capable, efficient and honest' and his record as a member of the House in 1874-75 is sufficient guarantee to us of his high and unimpeachable character for his constituents. We call upon the voters of this District to examine the journals of 1874-75 of the House and see his record—see the work that he did. That will prove that he was a faithful and diligent worker, and he worked in the right direction. Let us examine our condition at the convening of the Legislature in 1874—the great debt that was hanging over our State—the value of our bonds, the standing of our credit at home and abroad and compare with our debt and credit at present; examine our statute laws at the same time. See the laws then in force that left the door of fraud and speculation open upon our Treasury. Examine the expense of annually administering our State Government. See the number of officers and their salaries and fees at that time and compare with the present. Every citizen voter is bound to admit that these great and good changes were set on foot and the good work begun by the Legislature of 1874. Was not L. W. Grant a member from Calhoun? All admit the fact. Did he not do his whole duty for this work? All admit he did. Was he not at his post, did he not vote right, was not his influence used in that direction, did he not take an active part in all that work? Examine his official record, it will answer all in the affirmative. Was not important bills and measures from other counties, whose representatives opposed this work of reformation and reform, committed to his care and management by the people of those sections. Why did they select Grant as the man to manage this work? Because he was capable, efficient and honest, and had the good of the whole country at heart. Then why not commit this work to him again? We interest you."

him. He is not the man that will stoop to class legislation or to the interest of corporations or private individuals, but is a truly representative man. Look back at his past public life. Has he not spent his entire life in the defense of the principles that are dear to us all, the principles that are dear to the people? Has he not proclaimed week by week through his journal the doctrine of retrenchment and reform? Where has he failed to track error or expose fraud, or to vindicate the truth or the rights of the people? When has his voice through the Republican failed to have been heard acutely in the interests of the people? When has he failed to be at his post? Is not such a man worthy the support of every voter and lover of liberty in this District? A man that is always at his post, able and willing, and vindicate the cause of truth and justice, the man we want, and L. W. Grant fills the bill. ORTHO.

May 24, 1880.

A PETARD.

We have elsewhere commented at length upon an article from the Huntsville Advocate, the Independent organ of the State. Below we give an article making an assault upon the convention system and the Democratic party. It is observable that this type of journal always has a profound sympathy (so called) for the 'down-trodden sons of toil' and equally as profound hatred for the Democratic party, and never a word of abuse for the Radical party. It is also observable that while Independent candidates, to quell the people sometimes profess great devotion to the Democratic party, they never abuse the Radicals. But it also sometimes happens that an Independent paper, in commenting on the acts of a Democratic Legislature gives an Independent candidate a terrible rap over the knuckles and predicts that the people will never again trust him 'no matter in what guise he appear.' This must be the case when a member of the last Legislature, that the Advocate so terribly abuses, turns up as an Independent candidate. Things will get mixed this way some times. It is funny. Read:

"From all sections of the State comes the most encouraging news for the down-trodden sons of toil. The Independent Greenback movement has taken deep root in Alabama, and every sign portends a glorious and overwhelming victory in August next. The days of machine politics are numbered. King Canine is already dethroned, so account the caucus King's defeat. The crack of the office invites defeat. The crack of the party whip is no longer regarded by the masses. The voters of Alabama have been their dearest rights trampled under foot by the so-called Democratic party. Their taxes have been increased instead of being reduced. The purity of the ballot has been destroyed. By Democratic legislation a free and fair and honest election has been made almost impossible. The wholesome and wise election laws of our State, which were framed by the leaders of Alabama's Democracy in the good old days of the past, and have protected her sons for more than a century, during which time election frauds were almost wholly unknown, have been destroyed in the time of Democracy, and the most corrupt and gigantic election swindling machine erected in place of them. The people are called on in the name of Democracy! We defy the gory fingers of the leaders of this false Democracy of the State to point to a single act of a corrupt nature passed by them at the last session of the Legislature that is not in the interest of capital against labor—that does not betray an anti-Democratic, anti-Republican spirit. Indeed these facts are so fully admitted, and the indulgence of an outraged people so aroused, that some of the oldest and most reliable Democratic public journals of the State are calling upon their figure-headed Governor to censure the Legislature for their repeal. But the people have no faith in the Legislature that places upon its statute books such infamous laws. They know that the Legislature that basely betrayed their rights and insulted their intelligence and manhood are never to be trusted again, no matter in what guise they appear, no matter if they wear the livery of Democracy. The livery of heaven was stolen in which to serve the devil. We say to these would-be dictators to the true Democracy: 'Wine, women, and pharisee!'"

THE STATE OF ALABAMA.

Calhoun County.

Probate Court for said county. Special Term, May 31st, 1880.

This day came B. McClellan, Special Administrator of the estate of Sarah P. McAnly, deceased, and filed his accounts and vouchers for a final settlement of his administration thereof.

It is ordered that the 28th day of June, 1880, be appointed a day on which to make such settlement at which time all persons interested can appear and contest said settlement, if they think proper.

L. W. CANNON, Judge of Probate.

June 5th, 1880.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA.

Calhoun County.

Probate Court for said county. Special Term, May 31st, 1880.

This day came B. McClellan, Special Administrator of the estate of J. C. McAuley, deceased, and filed his statements, accounts, vouchers and exigences for a final settlement of his administration thereof.

It is ordered that the 28th day of June, 1880, be appointed a day on which to make such settlement at which time all persons interested can appear and contest the said settlement, if they think proper.

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THE STATE OF ALABAMA.

Calhoun County.

Probate Court for said county. Special Term, May 31st, 1880.

A CARD.

About three years ago we were requested by some of our employees to purchase sewing machines for them. After a careful examination of all the leading machines we were convinced that the "White" was the best sewing machine manufactured, and we bought six. These machines created a demand for more; and without special effort on our part, the demand has grown so that we are now selling

100 Machines a year

and our sales are continually increasing. This is the best evidence of the superior merits of the "White" sewing machine.

WOODSTOCK IRON COMPANY, Anniston, Ala.

UNPARALLELED SUCCESS

OF THE

White Sewing Machine

IN THE THIRD YEAR OF ITS EXISTENCE, ITS SALES AMOUNT TO

54,853 Machines.

NO OTHER MACHINE EVER HAD SUCH A RECORD OF POPULARITY.

It is the Lightest-Running, Best Sewing Machine, Best Sewing Machine

IN THE WORLD.

PRICES, 35 TO 40 DOLLARS.

For Sale by

WOODSTOCK IRON CO., Anniston, Ala.

MALE AND FEMALE.

JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

The Sixth Session of this Institution will commence on the second Monday in Jan. 1880, and continue five months.

EXPENSES PER SESSION.

Primary—Spelling, Reading, Writing, Primary Arithmetic, &c., &c. \$10 00

Intermediate—Spelling, Reading, Writing, Elementary Grammar, Arithmetic, Mental Arithmetic, &c. 15 00

Academic—Practical and Commercial Arithmetic, Practical Eng. Gram., Philosophy, Rhetoric, History, Geography, &c. 20 00

Graduate—The Sciences, Latin and Greek Languages, the Higher Mathematics, and all the branches usually taught in our colleges. 25 00

Fluency in French and German by the pupils throughout the session.

No shows, exhibitions or concerts tolerated in connection with the school.

Thorough and rigid examination at the close of each term.

These pupils, and those only, are wanted who are fully determined to comply cheerfully with the regulations of this Institution and who are willing to work earnestly and zealously for their education.

Good families at from \$8 to \$10 per month.

For further particulars address

W. J. BORDEN,

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Jacksonville Republican

VOLUME XLII.

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS ETERNAL VIGILANCE."

JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA, SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1880.

WHOLE NO. 2253.

THE REPUBLICAN.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY
BY
F. & L. W. CRANT.

Terms of Subscription:
One year in advance, \$2.00
Six months in advance, \$1.25
Three months in advance, \$0.75
All payments in advance.

Terms of Advertising:
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Notices of Candidates:
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For appointment, \$10.00
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For other purposes, by special arrangement.

Advertisements affecting the claims of candidates, charged as advertisements.

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THE LARK'S FOSTER-MOTHER.

A partridge, roaming o'er a field,
Espied a nest but, alas, enclosed
By grasses overgrown,
And from within the moss-timed cut
A pretty speckled egg peeped up,
Looking forth, alone.

The timid creature, fearing ill
Might harm the egg, already chilled,
By generous impulse stirred,
Slipped quietly upon the nest,
And folded close against her breast
The cradle of a bird.

She watched and fed the newling small,
And blithely answered to its call,
As if it were her own;
From many of her ways bequeathed
By this peculiar child,
Upon her bounty thrown.

When she believed 'twould tip-toe out,
And roam the harvest fields about,
Or join the partridge throng,
Behold, it poised its wings, and flew
Up towards the heavens so bright and blue
In ecstasy of song.

The foster-mother looked and heard
The carol of enfranchised bird,
And felt a blissful thrill,
That she, so humble and so plain,
Had helped another one to gain
The niche 'twas meant to fill.

And often may the lovely bird,
Performing well a noble part,
To one amid life's throng,
Awaken with a glad surprise,
When, like a lark, the birding flies,
And floods the world with song!

Our Landlord.

"Dot," they call me—my real name is
Dorothea, but that being such a mouthful,
I am generally known as "Dot."

I am the youngest of three, and having
had my own way from my cradle, it was
not unfrequently last November when my
sister and her husband offered to take me
abroad with them for the winter months.

I have heard some people say there is
nothing to see at Biarritz, in France. Ah,
blind and miserable creatures! where are
your senses—where your eyes? Did you
ever look elsewhere upon such a sea—such
rocks?

But I am getting romantic, and that is
not my style, not mine certainly, little
"Dot's." No, indeed, the idea makes me
die with laughing.

My sister Geraldine (or "Jerry," as I per-
sonally call her, which makes her very
mad) goes in for being delicate, so Jack and
I used to take long walks and rides together;
he is a dear, good old fellow, and we are
tremendous friends; but somehow without
standing after I had been a couple of weeks
or so at Biarritz, I began to feel time hang
heavily on my hands.

Being hard put to it for amusement,
I would sometimes take a book and saunter
down upon the rocks, there remaining for
hours at a time.

I am a desperate tom-boy, and can climb
and scramble splendidly, much to the an-
noyance of Geraldine, who declares that I
am as brown as a berry, and my hands are
not fit to be seen.

However, that may be true, scramble I
do, and one auspicious day (never to be for-
gotten) I had got a good way out among
some dear old craggy bits of rock, and find-
ing a snug little corner in which I just fit-
ted, I settled myself down easily and began
to read.

Suddenly, however, the pangs of hunger
seized me (I may add, my appetite never
fails me), and, glancing at my watch, I
discovered it was long past my luncheon
time.

I seized my shawl, and proceeded to make
my way back with expedition, when lo! to
my intense dismay, I perceived that the
tide had risen, and entirely divided the rock
upon which I was standing from the shore.
Still worse, the horrid waves were creep-
ing nearer and nearer, and not a soul could
I see to help me in my distress.

Imagine my feelings; me, poor little mis-
erable "Dot," alone in the middle of the
ocean.

I shouted, but the noise of the waves
drowned my feeble cries, like they would
soon drown me. Oh! would any one be
sorry? Oh! why had I ever come to this
hateful Biarritz to bedevil all alone like
this; I wonder, would they put it in the
papers?

All these thoughts crowded upon me as
the waves approached, and I had begun to
lose all hope, when, oh, joy! I saw a figure
in the distance.

Once again I shouted, and waved my
shawl violently.

The figure stopped, waited one instant,
and then I could see it plunge into the
water and approach me gradually. Oh, the
intense relief of that moment!

By the time the figure (which was that
of a man) reached me, I was nearly sur-
rounded by water, and five minutes more
would have decided my fate.

Before five minutes passed I was
caught by a pair of strong arms, and was
being supported through the water safely
and surely to the beach, where shortly af-
terwards I was deposited, a dripping, blue
little "Dot," feeling very much smaller
than usual.

My deliverer I had scarcely looked at;
I only felt that he was big and strong, and
that I was like a doll in his arms.

Notwithstanding my remonstrance, he
persisted in carrying me on to the hotel, at
the entrance of which he gently put me
down.

I turned, and gave him my too little blue
hands, with what few expressions of thanks
I could muster.

He took them, (the hands, I mean,) in
his warm, big brown ones, and said, in a
deep sweet voice:

consequence of the arrival at our hotel of a
most charming family, Colonel and Mrs.
Palisser and their two daughters.

The latter were most accomplished girls
and exceedingly graceful and pretty; and
before many days, Kathleen, the eldest, and
myself, formed an attachment, which, con-
sidering how very opposite we were in tem-
perament and disposition, was the more sur-
prising.

She painted in oils, and I always accom-
panied her on her sketching expeditions, I
sitting beside her with my book, whilst she
produced on her canvas sweet effects in
color, combined with a truthfulness of out-
line remarkable in a girl who had studied so
little as Kathleen.

Eventually, our friendship increased
and deepened, I poured into her sympathetic
ear the romance of my life, and, as I
found she did not laugh at me or think me
ridiculous, I frequently resorted to the sub-
ject, and unconsciously it became the na-
ture of my thoughts by day and my dreams
by night.

So the next three months glided peace-
fully away, and the time came that we
should return home, the Palissers being our
traveling companions.

Jack had rented a snug little place called
"The Grange," and there I was to stay with
them for a couple of weeks before returning
to the parental roof.

It was a pretty place, separated only by a
low railing from the grounds of our, or I
should say, Jack's young landlord, the
Squire of the place.

At four o'clock one afternoon after our ar-
rival, Jack came in brimful of news. First
item, there was splendid shooting to be had
in the neighborhood, and fishing, too, was
good; then he had visited the young Equire
who was to be his neighbor, and he was
"game for anything," no Jack expressed it.
He had only just returned from a tour of
the Continent, and had not long come into
his property.

"Ah, Miss Dot," said Jack, with a very
knowing look, which he always puts on
when he means chaff; "now, there's a
chance for you! You would make a charm-
ing little lady of the manner, and we would
tow-tow to you most delightfully. He is
coming to-night."

"Don't be silly, Jack," said I, in a bluff
tone, trying to look serious.

I left the room with a strong determina-
tion not to look my best that evening. What
did I care about fascinating men, when a
certain pair of brown eyes were ever haunt-
ing me?

"Ah, me!" thought I, "how I have
changed! A few short months ago, and the
idea of a flirtation would have made me
perk up, and jump for joy, and I would
have done all in my power to make the
country girls green with jealousy; but now
I don't seem to care one little bit to become
acquainted with this magnificent Squire."

At first I thought I would make some
little excuse and not appear at dinner; but
then Geraldine would think it unkind, per-
haps; and, after all, what did it matter?

Six o'clock struck, and I went to dress
for dinner. I hesitated a little as to what
garment I should wear, and finally selected
a pale blue gauze trimmed with plush roses.
Yes, that would do—anything would do. I
did care, though, a wee bit as to how I
looked. I had been thinking of Biarritz
agony, and my eyes were very bright when
I looked in the glass.

"Shall I ever see him again?" I said to
myself, and as I said it, something seemed
to say, "Yes," and I felt the blood rush to
my cheeks.

I was dressed before Geraldine, and de-
murely took my work down to the drawing
room, and seated my little self on the amber
dunsmok sofa.

As I strolled away at my embroidery,
my thoughts once more reverted to the time
I had spent at Biarritz, and more especially
to a certain never-to-be-forgotten day, and
to a certain tall figure with broad shoulders
and kind eyes. I was just recalling every
incident of my adventure, when the door
was suddenly thrown open, and the servant
announced "Mr. Wigram."

I rose to meet our guest. I glanced for
one instant at his face, and my heart stood
still. I moved forward in a sort of mist,
and dreamily extended my hands.

Was it indeed he, my hero? Were these
eyes I remembered so well—his the same
deep, sweet voice? He looked at me with
steady gaze, and then a tremor of surprise
and half of disappointment, came over his face.

"Miss Temperly, I presume!" were the
formal words which rose to his lips; and he
took my offered hand.

I murmured something incoherently to
set him right.

Happily he caught the meaning of my
words. His face suddenly lighted up, and
coming nearer to me, he took my hand once
more, and raised it to his lips.

"I am so very glad we have met again.
I never thought to see you here."

And then Geraldine entered, with many
apologies for being late, and other guests
were announced.

Later on in the evening, I confided in
Jack, who only remarked laconically:

"Then, why the deuce didn't the fellow
come to see us at Biarritz?"

"Never mind, Jack," said I; "he is here
now. And please, dear, don't chaff any
more about him."

"All right," said Jack. "But I thought
you hated rich young men."

"Hard Times."

Don't tell me that the "hard times" have
not proved socially beneficial in many re-
spects, for I know better, and am prepared
to prove it.

For instance, the young man who used
to send a table-spoonful or so of froth in a
small glass, lying down a beery slide on a
highly polished counter, in response to my
week request for a lager, and who grabbed
at my five cents and rushed it into the till
as if the very contract of so trifling an
amount might take the shine out of his
California diamonds, now weekly thanks
an atom of dust from the bar and whisks
me for my small investment, humbly di-
recting my attention to a dish which con-
tains apparently minute portions of Egypt-
ian delicacies, which, my doctor-friend sug-
gests, may have been once in the fish business.

Again, at the barber's, I am permitted to
forego bay run with any fear of subse-
quent rough handling, or (when my hair
has been cut) of having small particles vic-
tiously blown down between the shoulder
blades.

The waiter who was wont to hurl two
square inches of boiled alligator, accom-
panied by a disease with a circle of potato
paring around it, in response to my request
for a sirloin, now places the aforesaid beef
before me in an apologetic manner, as if he
regretted that real turtle had not been
thrown in as an extra. All this is pleas-
ing; is it not?

Then, there's my rich cousin. A brief
call was the most that ever passed between
our families, and there was that formality
between us which usually exists between
men of \$10,000 and \$1000 per annum re-
spectively. Since his property has been
mortgaged, almost up to the handle, I am
"dear boy" and "old fellow," while his
wife, who scarcely knew that I was a father,
now almost weeps for a sight of those sweet
children; and declares that it is "really too
bad we do not call" "round." The way in
which she asked my wife a second time to
early years, when we dined with them last
Sunday, was enough to draw tears.

When we moved, time before last, a
family portrait was remorsefully piled on the
carpet broom, and the parlor stove was
landed in a basket of crockery. This year,
how rarely did the expression of the two
black eyes, with the forehead, and apolo-
getic for having scratched the clothes-bas-
ket!

The exquisite at the dry goods "empor-
ium," who thought it condescension to drop
twenty pounds of sheeting on the counter,
bringing it within an ace of your nose, or
who sneered at the parsimony which re-
fused to pay more than \$1 per yard for
black new dress, now follows to the door,
and looks hurt if he be not permitted to
send two cents' worth of pins home for
you.

"Thank you!" is becoming "familiar in
mouth." Even Biddy is beginning to feel
that it would be wise to spend an hour or
so daily on household duties in return for
\$10 per month and her board.

The "corner grocer" is beginning to
charge less than two hundred per cent for
some of his supplies, and there is really no
knowing but that the fashionably attired
may in the near future look upon the honest
toiler in last year's garb as one who may
possibly be worthy of salvation.

Mr. Partington at the Socials.

There was no mistaking the costume, and
the fact that the venerable dame led a
small boy by the hand, confirmed the im-
pression that Mrs. Partington was indeed
in the assemblage. There was a momen-
tary hush in the buzz of conversation, and
the party gathered around the new comer,
eager to shake her by the hand. "Bless
me!" said she, with a beaming smile,
"I have played over her face like sunshine
over a lake! 'Holla me! how salutary you
all are!—just as you ought to be at a time
like this, when nothing harmonious should
be allowed to disturb your hostilities. You
are very kind, I'm sure, and I am glad to
see you trying to enjoy yourselves. I have
no church societies in my way of thought,
but we have 'hush' here, and 'quilt' here,
and 'apple' here, and—'Bumble-bee,'"

said she, breaking in like a boy on this ice
of formal words which rose to his lips; and he
took my offered hand.

I murmured something incoherently to
set him right.

Happily he caught the meaning of my
words. His face suddenly lighted up, and
coming nearer to me, he took my hand once
more, and raised it to his lips.

"I am so very glad we have met again.
I never thought to see you here."

And then Geraldine entered, with many
apologies for being late, and other guests
were announced.

Later on in the evening, I confided in
Jack, who only remarked laconically:

"Then, why the deuce didn't the fellow
come to see us at Biarritz?"

"Never mind, Jack," said I; "he is here
now. And please, dear, don't chaff any
more about him."

"All right," said Jack. "But I thought
you hated rich young men."

"This was Jack's last bit of sarcasm, and
when, day after day, the Squire joined us in
our rides and drives, and spent evening
after evening at The Grange, no one seemed
astounded; but when he was actually pro-
posed to me, the one who sympathized most warm-
ly with me in my happiness was my warm-
est friend, Kathleen Palisser, to whom I
had confided all my small bit of romance.
Yes, our remembrance and love for each
other was mutual.

He had endeavored to find me out after
leaving Biarritz, and all his efforts had been
fruitless. To make a long story short, we
were married very soon, and the Palisser
girls were my bridesmaids.

When a man in a Vermont grocery
store was sitting upon the edge of the
counter, and his feet slipped and he
raked the whole length of his back on the
counter's edge and sat square down
in a bushel basket of eggs which stood
in a row on the counter, and the victim
replied: "Was it an accident?" and the
victim replied: "By crissum, sir, if you in-
tend to put your back and legs into it, I
am your head in the remains of those
eggs!"

Vulcanite.

A Gentleman in the South has discovered
a method of making waterproof any kind
of fabrics, from the finest silk to the
coarsest canvas, by means of a substance
called "vulcanite," prepared from the
liquid of milk wood. The inventor made
the discovery while trying to utilize the
gum of the milk weed for the manufacture
of plates for artificial teeth. The
inventor of vulcanite gave a test of
it in New York recently. The fabrics
shown were delicate colored silks, broad-
cloth, leather, silk velvet, cotton and
woolen goods, and cloths of various kinds,
and then articles such as kid gloves, fine
ostrich plumes, ladies' boots, etc. Of the
fabrics experimented on, two pieces were
submitted, one of which had been treated to
a bath in a solution prepared from this
vulcanite, and one that had not. It was
impossible to distinguish them from each
other in any way, except by plunging
them into water. Then the difference was
startling in the extreme. Pitcher after
pitcher of water was poured over a piece
of pink silk, that had been in the
bath, said the inventor, two years ago, and
yet the fibres were untouched by the
moisture, the water ran off as from the
back of a duck, and a flap of two in the
air was sufficient to remove every drop
that rested upon the surface. The
ostrich plumes were dragged through the
water and withdrawn without a curl having
been disturbed, and hair frizzes treated in
the same manner came out without the
least change in their appearance. The
action of the solution seems to be sure
to encase every fibre of the material in a
film impervious to water, yet this film is
invisible. The pores of the texture are
not filled up, as is the case with the water-
proof goods known heretofore. Cassimere
cloth that has been treated with vulcanite
and saturated with water can be dried by
simply pressing it with a piece of goods
that retains its qualities as an absorbent.
The pores of the cloth being left open,
the impurities to water, yet this film is
invisible. The pores of the texture are
not filled up, as is the case with the water-
proof goods known heretofore. Cassimere
cloth that has been treated with vulcanite
and saturated with water can be dried by
simply pressing it with a piece of goods
that retains its qualities as an absorbent.

The French Doctor.

It was upon a South Carolina plantation
up in Fairfield county. The baby was
taken with the croup and Dr. Troclee, the
great French physician, was called in.

"Back-ess, back-ess!" said Dr. Troclee,
shaking his head; "but me think me
kin cure him; fetch me one new ackisse,
quick!"

Mrs. E., the mother of the child, whis-
pered to a servant who departed, and in a
few moments came running in with the
newest pole-ax on the plantation and pre-
sented it to the doctor.

"Me no want a dat," said the doctor;
"take a him back, and fetch me one new
ackisse, quick!"

Again the mother whispered to bring the
broad-ax, thinking that would do as it was
bright and new, bought only a few days
previous and never, as yet, used in any
way, and the servant disappeared and soon
it takes to tell it, returned, presenting
the glittering blade, full front, to Dr. Troclee.

"Take care, sir! Wanted to cut a me
troat, ha! De deuble! What fool, ha! Me
no want a dat; run fetch me one new ackisse-
quick!"

Away went the servant and reappeared
this time with the hatchet.

"The table, what a fool! Can you no
understand? Can you no fetch me one ackisse-
quick!"

"Doctor," said Mrs. E., "There's all the
kind of axes we have, and we have brought
you the newest on the plantation."

"Me no want dem, Mrs. E.; tink me
want ackisse to cut baby's throat? Me no
want a broad ackisse, nor de narrow ackisse,
nor de pole ackisse; me want a new
ackisse; fetch me ackisse, new fetch me
ackisse."

"Spell it, doctor; spell what you want;
we can't understand you," said Mrs. E.

"Me want a ackisse, fetch me ackisse,
new fetch me ackisse; me no spell you; ha!
diable! myself no spell a me dat, by gar!
Go way Jack nigger? Go way—fetch a me
broad ackisse an narrow ackisse—wot a
fool, ha! Go way, Jack nigger; me go fetch
him myself!" And lo! the family
in great amusement, out went Dr. Troclee
in high dudgeon, and after rummaging
about a while returned with what he
wanted—a new-laid egg.

"Wonderful!"

Lester Smith came from the interior to
about buying a corn cultivator. When
he reached the city he at once began cul-
tivating the juice of the aforesaid cereal.
Times or four drinks didn't tangle his legs,
but they made his head swell until he
found his hat too small. He therefore re-
moved it and placed it on the wall. Then,
clutching a lamp-post, he remarked:

"Wonderful! what shaggy feller shies in
town. It's perdy splendid—perdy mazin-
g!"

A boy came along with a parcel, and
hauling him with a gesture, Mr. Smith
said:

"But, isn't this perdy wonful—perdy
fly wonful?"

A woman carrying a basket was next
halted, and Mr. Smith remarked:

"Butful angel—perdy butful—perdy
wonful!"

She scorned him and passed on, and a
policeman happened that way. Mr. Smith
crooked his finger at the officer and said:

"I jus' shes free stree' car' on one
Wonful town—perdy wonful!"

He was willing to walk to the station,
and when shown his cell he folded his
arms, looked around, and whispered in a
voice full of awe:

"In over shoe likes er zhis! Why, itsh
wonful—wonful!"

When brought out for trial Mr. Smith's
head was quite clear, but as the court asked
him to plead to the charge of drunkenness
he looked all around and slowly replied:

"I declare! but I'm in jail—right in
jail! Why, it's perdy wonderful!"

He had fatherly look. Further, one
could see that he was a man who never
came to town without taking home 'lasses
candy for the children and spruce gum for
his wife, and that he wouldn't cheat a
neighbor in a horse trade unless actually
forced into it to get means to found an
orphan asylum. His honor studied the
prisoner's face for a moment and then he
said:

"Could I have been intoxicated?" mused
the man as he stroked the bridge of his
nose. "If I was it was wonderful—wonder-
ful!"

"How often do you hold the Fourth of
July parades?" asked the court.

"Once in a thousand," was the honest
answer. "I can't imagine what put me
up to it yesterday. It is positively won-
derful, wonderful!"

"I hate to send you up," said his Honor,
after a long pause.

"Waah, I kinder hate to have you," was
the reply.

"If I should let you go what would you
do?"

"I would go."

"Yes, but could you keep straight?"

"I could keep—perfectly wonderful."

I'm looking for a corn-cultivator you
would keep out of saloons, would you?

"I would. I

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LIGHTS AND SHADES.

The gloomiest day has gleams of light. The darkest was hath bright foam near it. And twinkles through the cloudiest night. Some solitary star to cheer it.

The gloomiest soul is not all gloom. The saddest hour is not all sadness. And sweetly o'er the darkest doom There shines some lingering beam of sadness.

Despair is never quite despair. Nor life nor death the future loses. And round the shadowy brow of care Will hope and fancy tinge the roses.

Two Loyal Hearts.

In a quiet street, off one of the quiet squares there is a tall, gloomy house, with narrow, dusty windows, and a massive double door, that still bears a brass plate with the words "Gourlay Brothers" engraved thereon.

The lower part of the house was used as an office, but the blinds were rarely drawn up, the door seldom swung back to the energetic push of customers, the long passage echoed no hurried footsteps, and Eli Haggarth, the clerk, was, to all appearance, the idlest man in London, till one came to know his masters.

The Gourlay Brothers were never any busier than their faithful old servant—never hurried, hurried, or worried; never late and never early. Every morning at ten o'clock they entered their office together, read their letters, glanced at the paper, left instructions for possible callers, and then went to the city. They always took the same route; at eleven they might be seen passing along the sunny side of Cannon street; at half-past one they entered the same restaurant, and sat down for luncheon. Wet or dry, shade or shine, summer or winter, every working day for thirty years they had gone through the same routine, always excepting the month of September, when they took their annual holiday.

They were elderly men—John tall, thin, melancholy-looking, with light gray eyes, scanty gray hair and whiskers and a general expression of drabness pervading his whole face and faultlessly neat attire. Roger was shorter, rounder, more cheerful and generally warmer in color. His prevailing hue was brown, keen reddish eyes that must have been merry once, crisp autumn hair that time had not yet quite transmuted to silver, a clean-shaven, ruddy face and brown hands full of dents and dimples. John was the elder; still he looked up to Roger with grave respect, consulted him on every subject, and never, either in our out of business, took any step without his advice and approval. And Roger was no less deferential. Without any profession of affection or display of feeling, the Gourlay Brothers dwelt together in closest friendship and love. Their life was a long harmony, and during all the years of their partnership no shadow had fallen between them, and their public life was as harmonious at their private intercourse. In business they were successful, every speculation they made prospered, everything they touched turned to gold; and as their whole lives were spent in getting, not spending, they were believed, and with reason, to be immensely wealthy. "Cold, hard, stern, enterprising," men called them, with an acuteness of vision and a steadiness of purpose, only to be acquired by long and close application to business. Reserved in manner, simple in their tastes, economical in their habits, the Gourlay Brothers were the last men in the world to be suspected of sentiment, their lives the least likely to contain even the germs of romance. And yet they had not been always mere business machines; the sole aim and end of their existence had not always been money. In early years they had brighter dreams, nobler ambitions.

At school John had distinguished himself, and his brief university career gave promise of a brilliant future. Roger would have been a bright, ardent boy, with a taste for music that was almost a passion, and a talent little short of genius. With his deep earnestness, intense steadiness of purpose, and clear, vigorous intellect, John could scarcely have failed to make a distinguished lawyer. Roger was a born artist, with a restless, lofty ambition. Life seemed very bright for the brothers; there was nothing to prevent, and everything to assist, each in following his inclination. But in the very dawn of their career their father died, and they were suddenly reduced from affluence to actual poverty. Nothing remained from the wreck of a magnificent fortune but the bitter experience that always accompanies such reverses. Fine friends failed them, flatterers looked coldly on their distress, those who had most freely partaken of their lavish hospitality passed by on the other side. Not a friend remained in their adversity but one, and she had indeed the will, but not the power, to help them. The boys left the college and turned their thoughts to business. It was hopeless to attempt to follow up their professions with an invalid mother and idolized only sister, depending on them for support. John secured a situation as clerk in a city warehouse. Roger accepted a desk in the office of Bernard Russell, an old friend of his father's. They moved to cheap lodgings, and for several years plodded on wearily, the only gleam of sunshine in their altered home being the occasional visits of Alice Russell to their sister. Maude Gourlay and Alice had been schoolmates and friends; they usually spent their vacations together, and Alice felt the misfortune that had fallen on the family as if it had overtaken her own. But she could do nothing except

pay them flying visits, send trifling gifts of fruit and flowers, and write pretty sympathetic notes to Maude.

A few years of hardship and poverty told on Mrs. Gourlay's always feeble frame, still for her daughter's sake she clung to life with a strange tenacity; but when Maude's lover, who had gone to Australia to make his fortune, returned, not wealthy, but sufficiently so to claim his bride in her altered circumstances. Mrs. Gourlay seemed to have no other object to live for. Maude's marriage was hastened, and the very day after the ceremony, the poor, weary, broken-hearted mother died. George Leslie took his wife back with him to Sydney, and John and Roger Gourlay were literally alone in the world.

As if in bitter mockery of their loss, and loneliness, immediately after their mother's death the brothers inherited a small fortune. But it was too late for John to go back to his studies, too late for Roger to return to his piano. They had fallen into the groove of business, and John at least was seized with a feverish eagerness to turn his small fortune into a larger one and become wealthy. So they went into business on their own account as Gourlay Brothers, with the firm resolution of retrieving the position their father had lost, and a very few years saw them established in Whittier street, and fairly on the high road to fortune. Then one quiet summer evening, as they sat over their dessert, John opened his heart to his brother and told him of his hopes, dreams and ambitions of his future.

"You will be surprised, and I trust pleased, to hear, Roger, that I love Alice Russell," he said, laying his hand on his brother's arm. "I can hardly remember the time when she was not dearer to me than all the world beside. The bitterest part of our misfortune to me was that it separated me from her; the only thing that has sustained me through our long struggle was the hope of some day winning her; nothing else can ever compensate me for the ruin of all my hopes and glorious ambitions. I once dreamed of being famous, Roger; for her sake put that behind me, and grubbed for gold like a miser. We, Gourlay Brothers, are on the high road to fortune; I may aspire to the hand of Alice now!"

"Surely, John," and the younger brother's voice was husky, and his hand shook as he took up his glass; "I drink to your success."

"Thanks, brother. I should have told you all this before, I should have confided in you, but I feared troubling you on my account, you would have seen a thousand shadows across my path, you would have been more unhappy than I was myself. And now I want you to promise that it shall make no difference between us. We shall be Gourlay Brothers still."

Roger stretched his hand across the table, and John grasped it heartily.

"Gourlay Brothers to the end of the chapter, old fellow, and may you be as happy as you deserve. God bless you, John."

John's face became a shade or two paler with emotion, and he walked up and down the room a few minutes; then he stood behind his brother's chair.

"Roger, you will think me very weak, very nervous, but I dare not speak to Alice myself. I could not endure a refusal from her. I have never even given her the most distant hint of my feelings. I have not the slightest reason to suppose that she regards me as other than a mere acquaintance, at most as Maude's brother. Roger, we have always been friends as well as brothers—stand by me in this; you are less shy and more accustomed to women; see Alice for me, ask her to be my wife."

"John, you're mad! You do not mean it."

"I do; it is my only chance. Plead for my happiness, brother, as I would plead for yours. I am a man of few words, but I feel deeply. A refusal from her lips would kill me; I could hear it from you."

"As you will, John; I'll do my best."

Roger leaned his head on his hand and shaded his face from the light; "I'll call on Alice to-morrow."

The next day was the longest of John Gourlay's life—a bright, warm, happy day, that made people even in the city look glad and cheerful. He went about his business as usual, ate his luncheon, and walked home leisurely. Roger was standing at the window watching for him, and he kept his back to him when he entered the room.

"Well, John," said, gently; "well, Roger, have you seen her?"

"Yes, I've seen her," and Roger faced around suddenly. "John, old fellow, it's no use."

"Brother!" and he lifted his hand as if to ward off a blow.

"It's no use," Roger went on in a hard voice. "She does not love you; she loves some one else. Be a man, John, and bear it, for there's no hope."

One low, stifled groan, and then John Gourlay wrung his brother's hand and walked steadily out of the room. What he suffered in the hours that followed no one ever knew, and when he appeared at the dinner table he was calm and self-possessed, but something had either come into his face, or gone out of it that altered him. But of the two, Roger looked the most unhappy.

The blow had really fallen most heavily on him.

"Jack, old fellow, we're Gourlay Brothers now to the end of the chapter," he said, huskily. "I know you'll never marry, and neither will I," and somehow John felt that Roger meant what he said.

Twenty years passed by, and a quarter of a century of changes and chances,

and still the Gourlay Brothers held the even tenor of their way. They were rich beyond their wishes or desires, and not altogether unhappy in their solitary friendship. Alice Russell seemed to have drifted completely out of their lives; her name was never mentioned, and whether she was married or dead they did not know.

One morning about the middle of September they were walking along the King's road at Brighton, whether they had gone for their annual holiday. Roger entered a shop to purchase something, and John stood outside looking drearily at the passers-by. Suddenly he advanced a step as a lady in an invalid chair was wheeled by. Chancing to look up, he met his glance with a smile of recognition. "Mr. Gourlay, it surely is, it must be you. I am so glad to see you!"

"And I to meet you," John said, with a courteous bow. "I have not the pleasure of knowing—"

"My name—I am Alice Russell still," she said frankly. At that moment Roger appeared. For an instant the blood rushed to Alice's pale cheek as she tried to stammer out some words of greeting. Roger was no less confused, and the expression of both faces was a revelation to John Gourlay. He felt as if the world had suddenly drifted away from him and he was left solitary in some unknown, infinite space. But there was nothing of that in his voice as he asked Alice for her address, and permission to call upon her in the afternoon. Then taking his brother by the arm he led him away, and they continued their walk without exchanging a single word about the strange encounter.

In the afternoon John called at Miss Russell's hotel, and in a few moments he found himself seated beside her in a pleasant sitting room, overlooking the sea.

"Alice," he said, plunging into the subject at once, "do you remember a conversation you had with my brother a long time ago?"

"Yes, I remember, Mr. Gourlay," she replied sadly.

"He made a request for me then which I was not in your power to grant; I am come to make a similar one for him now. Roger loves you, Alice. He has loved you all these long, weary years, though you will at least believe I did not know it then."

"Poor Roger!" Alice said, softly.

"You care about him? You will make him happy, even at this late hour? Tell me, Alice, that you love my brother!"

"Yes, Mr. Gourlay, I do. Why should I deny it? I have loved him always, though I did not know that he cared about me, and if the little life that is left me can make him happy, I will devote it to him gladly, proudly—poor Roger! You see I am too old for pretenses, Mr. Gourlay, and I fear I am dying; therefore, I tell you all."

"Dying, Alice? No, no! you will live many years yet, I hope, to make my dear brother happy—brave, loyal, great-hearted Roger. Let me send him to you now, and Alice, for my old and long affection's sake make him happy. He deserves it, and that is the only way I can ever help to repay the devotion of his life."

"I love him," Alice replied, simply; "I cannot do any more."

In their lodgings John Gourlay found his brother pacing restlessly up and down.

"Roger, I've found out your secret and here's," he said, laying both hands on his shoulders; "loyal, faithful friend, go to her; she loves you, she is waiting for you."

"Poor Alice! how she must have suffered!"

"How we've all suffered! but it's nearly over now, Roger—the grief, pain, regret. It's clear and bright. Roger, dear friend, can you forgive me?"

"Forgive me, John? Say rather can you forgive me?"

"True to the last," John murmured, as he wrung his brother's hand. "Now Roger, go to her; she is waiting for you. She loves you—loves you, Roger! God bye, and may you both be happy!"

Late that evening, when Roger Gourlay returned home, full of deep, quiet gladness, he found his brother sitting in an easy chair near the window, apparently asleep. The full moon shone down on his pale face, and showed a smile on his lips; his hands were clasped on an open book that rested on his knee. The attitude was life-like, but at the very first glance Roger felt that his brother was dead. The doctors said he had died of disease of the heart. Perhaps they were right. More people die of that malady than the world knows of.

Frenchy.

As Monsieur Henri de Charville, a genial assistant at the Maison Boree, San Francisco, was sauntering up Market street near the Palace the other morning, on his way to where his short gingham jacket hangs on a peg behind the door, he spied a brace of female kites with lurid-banged fore-dances, and black stockings, in charge of the quick gray of whose skirts, the delicious whiteness of whose cap and apron—short, the completeness of whose Parisian "get-up" brought him back to the Boulevard, the Champs Elysee, the Jardin des Plantes, and all the rest of them. Doffing his hat, with his politest bow, as was his wont in his home of his boyhood, he saluted Mademoiselle thusly: "Bon jour, m'inselle. Je suis enclenché de vous voir ce matin." Mademoiselle looked at him a minute, and then in the choicest Parisian, replied: "Pardonnez-moi, mais je ne vous reconnais pas. Vous n'êtes pas un Chinois?"

"There are 755,000 paupers in England."

—Boston was incorporated as a city in 1822.

The Romance of Hotel Keeping.

"Having staid too long in the bath at Long Branch recently, I lost the train to the horse-race, and Col. Presbury, of the West End Hotel, a gallant old beau, of fine worldly style, offered to take me out. He was about to give away \$1,000, as it proved, to George Lorillard, and had only time to see that stakes run and the following two miles and a quarter. As we went along the road I said: 'You were the first big hotel man I ever saw, and I have been afraid of you for about twenty years. How did you start?' He said the straight, military-looking old man, 'I came from Baltimore. My mother was a Howard. I was cashier of the Bank of Maryland, and also of the Bank of Louisiana. I had put by some money, and one day Mr. Billings came to me and said, 'Colonel, there is a big hotel to be erected in Philadelphia, called the Girard House. If you will let me have some money to furnish it, I think I can get it.' I was banking then in St. Louis. I went on with Billings to see the hotel, and as it cost a large sum to furnish it, \$75,000, I was compelled to be a partner. We leased the hotel. Billings made \$100,000, which I paid to him. He wasn't equal to so much luck, and he died. I got the inside steward was named Darling. I got him from the Tremont House, Boston, and paid \$2,500 a year. He was so efficient with me that he got the new Battle House at Mobile, made money and was enabled to take the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York. There he became the wealthiest American hotel man, and in worth \$3,000,000. If I had begun business with good man as my present partner, I think I would have been as rich as Darling."

"How came you to go to Washington City during the war?"

"I had to give up the Girard House after running it ten years, on account of the long list of those who owned it. I asked for a reduction of rent on the ground that the Continental Hotel, a much finer structure, was going up right opposite me. They said that was a reason for raising my rent. 'Very well,' said I, 'I will sell out the furniture and close the Girard House for a year, and you will never make money out of it. They never have. I went to Baltimore and the war broke out, and the first thing I knew Simon Cameron, Secretary of War, telegraphed me to come to Washington. I went down there and he opened the conversation:

"Presbury, I want you to take Willard's Hotel. It will be the Union headquarters. I want a man in control there whom I know.' 'Gen. Cameron,' I replied, 'I'm hardly your man. While I think our people are foolish to talk about leaving the Union, my sympathies are with the State of Maryland whatever she does.' 'O, pshaw!' he said, 'You go and take that hotel. Willard is scared, and you can get it cheap.' I called on the Willards. They offered me the hotel for \$100,000, furniture and lease. I had the proffer without looking at it, seeing there were six hundred guests. When I went next Monday to take the hotel, Willard said, 'Presbury, we don't want to give it up. What will you take for it?' I said, 'I will give you \$50,000 for your bargain.' Said I, 'Gentlemen, I will take \$100,000. I got the hotel and made \$165,000 the first year. I then sold the lease to my partners for \$140,000, which they paid in full, except \$20,000. In the West End Hotel here I have invested with Mr. Hildreth \$250,000, and spent \$100,000 on the property, and we get \$90,000 a year out of it."

A Mysterious Stabber.

A considerable excitement has been aroused within the last few days at Strasburg by the extraordinary proceedings of a mysterious stranger, who makes his appearance regularly at nightfall in one of the other of the less frequented thoroughfares, armed with a sharp, double-edged pointed, and, as soon as he perceives an "unprotected female," strikes up to her in a leisurely way and stuns her on the right breast with a rap, inflicting a slight injury, from half to three-quarters of an inch deep. Since the 19th ult., he has succeeded in stabbing no fewer than fifteen women and girls in this manner, upon each occasion taking a light as soon as he had made his coup, and before his panic stricken victims had sufficiently recovered from their terror to raise an alarm. The local police authorities have made search for this eccentric misdoer—described by those who have felt the point of his dagger as young, slight in build, and well dressed in all the hotels, inns, and lodging houses of the venerable cathedral city, but as yet to no purpose. They have placarded the town with official warnings addressed to the citizens, urging them not to permit their wives and daughters to traverse the streets alone after dark, and exhorting the male population of Strasburg to assist the police in discovering and arresting this malefactor. The placards in question were published early on Sunday evening.

The two young girls were stabbed, both in the right breast, while returning home from a walk through the streets by no means void of pedestrians at that time the respective assaults were committed. A large reward is now offered by the Government for the seizure of the dexterous bravo, who has rendered the gloaming so terrible to Strasburg's fair daughters.

What Was In Her.

It was nearly a year ago when Lesville was first shown what was in her. There were several newly made bonanza kings about Denver then, and among them was a man who had probably never had \$20 in his pocket at one time previous to his strike. To him the possession of a watch was the natural evidence of a competence, and he made more than a competence, he felt that the fact should be indicated by the purchase of several watches. These he had deposited in Grand Central hotel safe. One night he came into the office very much the worse for liquor, lurched to the bar and hic-coughed out to the clerk, "Gimme a watch."

A timepiece was passed to his unsteady hands, but endeavoring to thrust it into his trousers pocket he let it slip and fall upon the floor. Without casting a glance at the fallen watch he lurched against the counter again, reached out his shaking hand, mustered all his faculties to the task of speaking and then blurted out: "Gimme another!"

Can the indifference of affluence go beyond this?

Cheap Living.

For cheap living, the island of St. Michael, the pearl of the Azores group, is about the best place in the world. The climate is soft and agreeable, the scenery lovely, and the people noted for their simplicity and kindness. Labor is very cheap, and consequently the roads leading from the town of St. Michael are of the finest character. The streets are kept marvelously clean. The island is about thirty miles square and picturesque. One can buy five eggs for two cents, a chicken for twelve and a-half cents, beef for three cents a pound, and hire a good house for \$7 a month. You can live well for \$600 a year; and handsomely for \$700, and live in superb style, keeping carriage and horses for \$1,000. The gardens are beautiful features of the island. In one garden there are 4,000 plants of different varieties. The land is owned by a few rich people, and rents very high. A quarter of an acre brings \$15 a year. The peasants or laboring people go barefooted, and live very economically. Probably 900 a year supports a family of four. The fashions in dress have not changed within a hundred years, and this applies to the best society. The women wear copakes, a garment reaching from the neck to the feet, and bearing some resemblance to the "ulster" which the ladies of a century ago wore. The head covering is called a "capilla," and is like one of the old-fashioned New England bonnets, but it is attached some way to the copake. A girl, seeing a stranger approaching, conceals her face with the capilla. The native people recognize their friends by their feet.

A Tug's Adventure.

Captain Paul Boyton, the renowned swimmer during a recent interview said: "The Tug is perhaps the most remarkable river I ever navigated. I left Toledo in Spain, and paddled down through that country and Portugal to the Atlantic Ocean, a distance of 850 miles. For over seven hundred miles it is not navigable for vessels, but winds in an erratic and—to me—amazing manner through the most weird scenery that Spain possesses. Between Toledo and the ocean its descent is 3,600 feet. At its source and for a short distance down the shores are lined with luxuriant trees and grasses, but soon these utterly disappear, giving way to arid and stony banks, which in turn grow into precipitous mountainsides. For the first three days I paddled along satisfactorily, but as the number of days since, I began my journey, my course wound through a continued series of canyons, whose gloomy walls were in places so high and steep that they almost hid and nearly hid the sunlight from the yawning chasms beneath. Towards night I reached a place where the river seemed to be winding in a circle, and I was about to imagine that I was being swiftly carried along through a mysterious subterranean passage. The river was studded with boulders, hurled from the mountain tops by fearful storms, and often as I was bowled along under the pressure of the roaring water, one of these obstacles and my senses nearly shrank from me."

"To increase my peril the river was full of falls and rapids of unusual violence. In places a shallow current would dart toward the rocky mountain-side and then turn at a sharp angle and merge into a deep and perilous eddy of water. I hesitated those hours, for they afforded me a chance of taking much-needed rest. Looking into their clear depths I could see the hideous fish darting about, but the bottom was a fathomless pit. Words are wanting to picture the loneliness of my situation. For ten days I saw not a shrub, not a blade of grass, not a single sign of man's abode. My diet was disgusting and I felt with alarm that I was gradually losing my strength."

"One day, it was the twelfth of my journey, as I was floating on the bosom of a sort of lake, suddenly I was plunged head first over a fall and struck with such force against the precipitous wall of the canyon that I lost consciousness. Happily my rubber suit saved me from what would have been otherwise a certain death. I recovered my senses after an interval, I know not how long, and, with a prayer on my lips, was about to resume my voyage, when to my horror I found that my tender was lost. It had been sucked into a whirlpool, probably, and the current was rapidly bearing me away from the scene. I was nearly frantic. My tender was gone, my hopes were blasted, my life was not worth a straw! The contents of the little float were at that moment as precious to me as all the wealth that a king could bestow."

"I paddled on for several hours, trusting to find a way out of the river. If I could only find a shepherd generous enough to share with me his frugal meal I was saved. But my hopes were vain. Encumbered by my rubber armor, with waning strength and treacherous movements I made many futile attempts to climb the slippery mountain sides, but in every case I tumbled back into the river exhausted. For three days I was urged on, I know not how, by the impetuous waters. I was ravenous with hunger, my limbs quivered like aspen, a chill sweat oozed all over my body, and my brain was delirious. I swore like a madman, heaped maledictions upon the Tugus, and at times sang with ungodly songs. To this day I cannot account for the supernatural strength giving me during those seventy-two hours of agony. The howling of wolves and the hooting of owls during the nights heightened the sombre current of my recollections. On the morning of the third day, just after daylight, I entered the canyon of a river and swam down a pint or two of water and stood upright in my rubber suit. I listened for the tinkling of a bell, or some sound that would give token of a habitation. Nothing broke the silence but the distant fall of waters. As

Commercial Fertilizers.

To apply or not to apply commercial fertilizers is one of the important questions of the day among farmers of our older States who appreciate the necessity of immediate action in the restoration of their lands, and who can not command farm-yard manure in sufficient quantity to accomplish this. In many portions of the South, especially in the Mississippi valley, and in the Eastern States, artificial manures have been experimented with to a considerable extent. Reports from equally trustworthy sources are widely diverse as to results. One who has tried Peruvian guano, for instance, failed to receive any benefits therefrom and naturally condemned it; another doubles his crop with its assistance and therefore extolls it. Thus opinions vary all the way through the list. This difference of opinion is due sometimes to the adulteration of the materials employed, but largely to drawing conclusions without considering all sides of the subject, and simply proves the imperative necessity of exercising common sense, both in the selection and application of the fertilizers. To start with, the difference in soils should be remembered. Lands vary widely in their capacities for supplying crops with food, and, consequently, in their demand for fertilizers. Some soils will bring good results for the fertilizers given them; others unless previously prepared by tillage, drainage, irrigation, &c., will not. The only correct way is to ascertain by careful observation and experiments what a soil wants, and then supply it. The provident farmer, when he is in doubt in this matter, cultivates the bulk of his crops under the most approved of old methods, testing in a small way as many new practices as possible until such a time as he feels confident he has found what suits his special requirements. The results of the experience of those who have gone over the same ground in advance is not only of interest but judiciously considered and applied, may be of great benefit to a novice in the use of commercial fertilizers. The American farmer gains a hint, at least, toward the right direction when he learns that by far the largest quantity of all manufactured manures in England is applied for root crops. There are many districts where turnips and seeds are grown with no other manure than mineral superphosphate, at the rate of three to four hundred weight per acre. On cold, clay soils, in a fair agricultural condition, according to Dr. Voelcker, three hundred weight of a mineral superphosphate containing on an average twenty-one to twenty-five per cent. of soluble phosphate will produce at least as many a crop of seeds and turnips as a manure containing in addition to soluble phosphate of lime, ammonia or nitrogenous matter. On light land, however, says the same authority, the use of purely phosphatic manure can not be relied upon for producing a good crop of roots. On such land artificial manures are seldom used alone, but generally in conjunction with a dressing of barnyard manure. Dissolved bones, Peruvian guano, compound artificial manures containing from two to three per cent. of ammonia are preferred to mineral superphosphate as a manure for root crops on high land and on loamy soils out of condition, by English cultivators. Nitrate of soda has been used of late years in England with considerable advantage in addition to dissolved bones, or a mixture of superphosphate and some salt as a mixture for mangolds.

Wrecked by the Fifteen Puzzle.

They were two young men from the country, and they drove up to the Post-office corner, attracted by a large crowd which had collected to hear a street-corner vendor of the Gem Puzzle explain to the gaping spectators how the puzzle is solved. "Just as easy as falling off a log," they concluded to purchase one, and did so, but were so impatient to try and work out the confounded thing that they commenced moving the blocks as they drove down K street. Long and patiently they wrestled with it and got the numbers all in place with the exception of the 13, 14 and 15. Suddenly the man who was driving imagined he had discovered a move to bring everything out all right, and in his excitement and eagerness to show his companion how to make the move dropped the reins. The team started. The man who held the blocks was thrown out into the mud, his blocks flew in all directions, and the horses were only checked by running into a buggy, which latter vehicle was damaged to the extent of about thirty dollars worth, a bill the country youths agreed to settle before the owner of the buggy allowed them to depart.

South Africa.

The territory of South Africa is divided into the Cape Colony, with an area of 230,000 square miles, and a population of 235,000 whites and 820,000 blacks; Kaffraria, with an area of 10,000 square miles, and a population of 450,000 blacks; lying to the east of Cape Colony, Basutoland, to the northwest of Kaffraria, with a population of about 150,000 natives; Natal, to the north of Kaffraria, and on the east of Basutoland, with an area of 18,700 square miles, and a population of 20,000 whites and 300,000 blacks; the Orange Free State with an area of 37,000 square miles, and a population of 30,000 whites and 15,000 blacks; the Diamond Fields, or Griqualand West, with an area of 15,000 square miles, a permanent population of 1,000 whites and 4,000 blacks, and a fluctuating population of diggers, numbering at times 40,000; Zululand, with an area of 10,000 square miles, and a population of 150,000 blacks; Amaswasiland, lying to the north of Zululand, inhabited by the Amaswas, hereditary enemies of the Zulus; and finally, the Transvaal, which stretches from the 27th to the 32d degree of S. lat., and from the 20th to the 32d degree of E. long.

AGRICULTURE.

THE BLACKBERRY.—Formerly the blackberry was regarded as merely a bramble in this country. It is still quite generally so regarded. When a man gets to think it is not a bramble, all he has to do is go waltzing around in a healthy patch, with nothing on him except a hat and a pair of tow trousers, and he will come out restored to the faith of his fathers. The greatest enemy the blackberry has, is five boys, from town, can eat more green blackberries in a day than would ripen in a week. For many years the great desideratum has been a hardy berry that could resist the premature onslaught of boys from town. It is a great desideratum still. The Schneider, a variety that was invented by an Iowa horticulturist, is the nearest approach to it. It is bred from a perfectly green persimmon, crossed with a dogwood tree, and still further improved with a hybrid of wormwood bush and wild crab apple. It is not a perfect defense, but there are very few boys who care to eat more than a quart of them. Nobody else, however, can go past the field where the Schneider is growing, without being attacked by Asiatic cholera, and this tends to weaken the partial success this hardy berry has achieved. Then there is a bug—I do not know the name of it—that crawls over the berries now and then. When you eat a berry that has been glorified by a visit from this bug, you lie down in the briars and pray heaven to take you home in just three seconds. And if you live, you can wake up in the night, along in the middle of next winter, and shudder as you taste of that berry. When your blackberries grow too thickly, you will want to thin them out. To this end you must kill some of them. This can be done by digging a well where the plant stands, then turn the farm upside down and let it dry out thoroughly for a couple of years, then turn it over, upside down, and start a brickyard on the back of it. This will kill off some of the plants. There may become shorter and cheaper method of killing blackberry bushes than this, but I never heard of it and it isn't likely that there is any. If you want to devote about forty acres of ground to the cultivation of blackberries, plant about three healthy vines in some corner of the field, about the middle of April. Then about the first of May, the man who owns the farm should take a wheelbarrow, will bring civil action against you and try to collect damages for destruction of his two fields of wheat by a raid of blackberry vines. It is not known just at what season of the year blackberries ripen. If the lucksters and boys should all die in June, it is probable that the berries would ripen sometime in July or August. But they have never had a chance to see what they could do at ripening. The blackberry is so named, because it is blue, in order to distinguish it from the blueberry, which is black.

COMFORT FOR THE CALVES.—Fit up a yard where the calf can put its head by itself during the day, sheltered from the wind and where the sun can shine on them all day. Keep them well bedded, and give them a little sweet timothy hay to pick over with an occasional bundle of nice corn stalks. Let them have constant access to pure clean water during the day, and see to it that the water-trough is cleaned out and fresh water put into it every morning. If your calves should get lousy, as the best calves will sometimes, take some waste grease—lard is the best—mix it with a little kerosene and turpentine, and then thicken with some dry pulverized sulphur and rub into the hair where the lice are. Look into the animal the next morning, and if one of the parasites can be found rub on some more of the ointment, it works like a charm; the lice disappear like dew before the sun.

A GREAT MISTAKE is made in putting cows suddenly from hay and stubble to young grain and upon air. Put your cow, especially if she be a heifer of good stock, out only one or two hours a day at first.

THERE IS NOTHING better for a fertilizer of grape-vines than ground bones. It seems to afford the vine and the fruit just the elements they require.

ANY ANIMAL, if allowed to get poor after having been fat will never fatten as well again.

Cost of Living in San Francisco.

There are really not many cities in the United States where one can live cheaper than in San Francisco. But, after all, the people of that city spend a vast deal of money eating and drinking. George Francis Train attempted to prove on paper that a man could get food enough to keep alive in New York for three cents a day, but never made out his case. In some of the inland towns in New England, where economy in the preparation of food is closely studied, one may get pretty fair board for \$2.50 a week. In point of cost, this is a little better than San Francisco can do, but not better in point of food. The advantage which that city possesses is in giving at all times for 25 cts. a good, substantial dinner, consisting of soup, fish, meat, fruit and vegetables. The benefit, however, mainly rests on the cheapness and quality of the food. Rents are much higher there than in Eastern cities, and twice and three times as high as they are in the interior towns of the Atlantic States. A young man can get a furnished, fair-sized single room in San Francisco, with gas, water and attendance, for \$15 a month, but this sum would pay the rent of a good-sized unfurnished house in nearly any Eastern city outside of New York, Boston and Chicago. Coming down to bed-rock prices, a single man can live moderately well in that city for \$32 a month; this includes board and lodging. This estimate allows 25 cents for breakfast, 15 cents for luncheon, 25 cents for dinner every day, and \$12.50 a month for lodging. In cases of extreme necessity, a saving of \$5 or \$6 a month on this estimate might be effected; but in saving more than that, one would deprive himself of many of the comforts of life. Very many young men do live somewhat stylish for \$35 or \$40 a month, but many others spend that much every week, and some more than that every day. The class of well-to-do young fellows and bachelors spend a dollar or two for dinner, but eat light and inexpensive breakfasts. If the occasion calls for something sumptuous, they go to fashionable restaurants and pay \$10 a plate for an excellent dinner, with a lavish supply of wine.

DOMESTIC.

APPLES.—An excellent apple pudding can be made from the remains of a rice pudding. Arrange well sweetened and flavored apple sauce in alternate layers with cold rice pudding; add a little butter and sugar, sift sugar over the top, and put the oven to heat through and brown on the top. Any sort of flavoring may be used for this pudding. Charlotte.—The ordinary apple Charlotte is not nearly so nice as this, which is slightly more elaborate: Line a pie dish with buttered slices of bread; fill it up with layers of apples cut very small, placing between each layer a little apricot jam, some grated lemon rind and plenty of brown sugar. Cover the dish up with slices of bread buttered, and bake it till the bread is well browned. Apple Snow.—Peel, core and quarter a number of apples, set them to boil with a little water, sugar, sufficient and the thin rind of a lemon; when quite done remove the lemon rind, pass the apples through a hair sieve. Have some whites of eggs beaten up to a froth, beat into them the apple puree, a spoonful at a time, until the mixture is of the consistency of whipped cream, add quite a little sugar, sufficient and the thin rind of a lemon; when quite done remove the lemon rind, pass the apples through a hair sieve. Have some whites of eggs beaten up to a froth, beat into them the apple puree, a spoonful at a time, until the mixture is of the consistency of whipped cream, add quite a little sugar, sufficient and the thin rind of a lemon; when quite done remove the lemon rind, pass the apples through a hair sieve. Have some whites of eggs beaten up to a froth, beat into them the apple puree, a spoonful at a time, until the mixture is of the consistency of whipped cream, add quite a little sugar, sufficient and the thin rind of a lemon; when quite done remove the lemon rind, pass the apples through a hair sieve. 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